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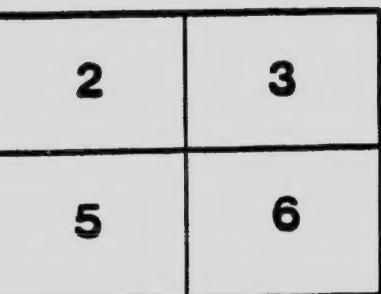
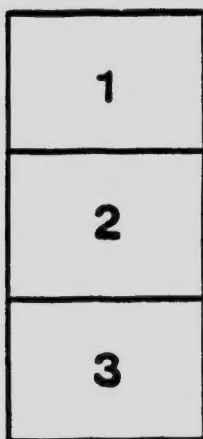
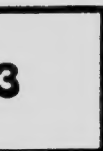
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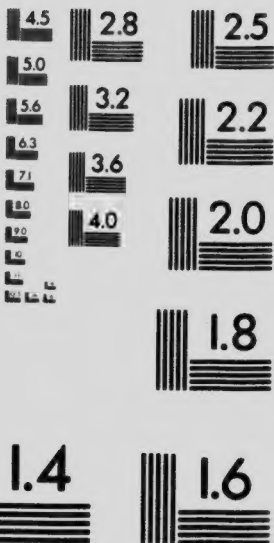


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RESOLUTION TEST CHART

ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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*With
but vision
of a. h. s.*

Ver

**The
City
Church:**

Not only in the hush of
And on the storms which
Does nature's God His
Here, in this Church, the
Though in the traffic-crowd
God's throne is set: and
He wakes, and listens to
And in His love makes
New generations come
They pour their anguish
They gaze up mutely to
And, compassed with light
They stand unshaken,
Rolls through the dark

Verses.

ush of mountain lands,
s which shroud the boundless deep,
d His awful vigil keep.
rch, though raised by human hands,
ffic-crowded street it stands,
t: and, while men work or sleep,
tens to the hearts that weep,
akes straight life's tangled strands.
come and pass away,
anguish into God's kind ear,
tely towards His unseen face :
with His mercies day by day,
aken, while this earthly sphere
e dark infinity of space.

**The
River :**

Why hurry, little river,
Why hurry to the sea ?
There is nothing there to do
But to sink into the blue,
And all forgotten be.
There is nothing on that shore
But the tides for evermore,
And the faint and far-off line
Where the winds across the brine
For ever, ever roam
And never find a home.

Why hurry, little river,
From the mountains and the mead,
Where the graceful elms are sleeping
And the quiet cattle feed ?

The loving shadows cool
The deep and restful pool,
And every tribute stream
Brings its own sweet woodland dream
Of the mighty woods that sleep,
Where the sighs of earth are deep,
And the silent skies look down
On the savage mountain's frown.

Oh linger, little river,
Your banks are all so fair,
Each morning is a hymn of praise,
Each evening is a prayer.
All day the sunbeams glitter
On your shallows and your bars,
And at night the dear God stills you
With the music of the stars.

The Martyr :

The dark square gl
And issuing slowly
Come priest and m
While, midst them
Bent on the ground
He limps, from tor
He fronts wild wol
Yet now he thrills
Fearless, he stands
He hears the monk
He feels the hot fla
And, as the thick s
Which rolls to Hea
" Thy Kingdom co

Quebec, Xmas 1901

are glimmers 'neath the morning skies
slowly through the sombre gate
and monk, soldier and magistrate,
t them, walks the prisoner, with his eyes
ground, going to his sacrifice.
om tortures wrought by powerless hate,
d wolves who for his life-blood wait,
hrills with God's own harmonies.
stands above the great, hushed crowd :
monks drone out his burial song,
not flames round the faggots creep ;
hick smoke wraps him in a cloud,
to Heaven, his voice rings clear and strong—
om come ;" and so he falls asleep.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

s 1901.

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